

Stories of College Life

By Janet Dillingham Howard

THE MIDNIGHT RAMBLE.

The "salting" of Freshmen is, in this institution as in other colleges, the pastime of the Sophomores.

One of the favorite "cures" is known as the Midnight Ramble, the unlucky girl being awakened from her slumbers, escorted by a grimly silent Soph to the roof of the studio, where she attempts various unique "stunts" at the suggestion of her delighted audience.

Sometimes, however, the meekest of worms will turn.

One year there were two unusually verdant Freshmen straight from a "prep" school, where they had grown wise beyond their years.

Two Sophs were appointed to escort these Freshmen (who lived in different campus houses) to the studio roof, where a few choice spirits would be in waiting.

During the day Miss Adams (one of the appointed Sophs) almost repented. She had seen one of the victims wandering pensively by the pond, and, as she told her roommate, "her back looked decidedly homesick."

The chapel clock struck 12; Miss Adams and her roommate hurried to their duty.

Up the stairs, down the corridors, the door opened easily—"foolish child, why did she shut out that beautiful moonlight"—across the room to the little white bed against the wall—"would she scream?"—now—

The question of the scream was soon decided, as was also the pensive wandering.

The "homesick" one was under, instead of on her bed, and just as the Soph's hands touched a nice clammy frog, she felt her ankles grasped by two firm hands!

That was all, but it was enough. The Sophomore gave one muffled yell, wrenched herself free, and raced down the corridor in a manner which put even her field day record in the shade.

Meanwhile, her friend was proceeding with greater caution, as her Freshman roomed in the same house with several newly-installed members of the faculty. The floor of the long hall creaked unpleasantly under her feet, but she reached 101 safely.

A mild snore greeted Miss Adams as she opened the door; evidently her victim was sleeping the sleep of the unrighteous.

One shake of the sleeping figure, a low command, then blank astonishment, for with "Ach, mein child, vat would you?" a gray head turned slowly on the pillow, and the sleep-dimmed eyes of the new Fraulein gazed at her in the moonlight.

She didn't stop to explain; she flew, as her chum had flown.

The six Sophomores were very quiet the next day. Even the "frog girl" was forgotten—but nothing happened.

At dinner Miss Adams found her seat taken, so took an empty chair at the Freshman table. The fat, bobby curls of the girl at her right seemed strangely familiar—they recalled curls which she would forget. When their owner giggled convulsively and choked on her dessert, Miss Adams turned to quell such levity with a cold stare, which widened to one of understanding. The black waist of the offender was dusty with powder which shook from the bobby curls at every turn of their owner's head.

Late that evening a huge box of Huyler's found its way to 101—a pipe of peace, for in the next mail the sender found a wee note:

"We'll never tell. Thank you."
And they never did—until now.

LADY MACBETH.

One of the Juniors was a sleep-walker, and gave the matron and her roommate endless trouble. Once she had been found in the laboratory mumbling over her lesson for the morrow, and once she had just escaped falling down the elevator shaft.

The report of her escapades had been eagerly absorbed by a little Freshman

with a taste for the uncanny, who maintained that all knowledge was useful.

One night the Freshmen, afterward known as the "Six," decided to have a spread.

The hour arrived. The feasters betook themselves (with the noise which comes from lack of practice) to the gym. Here they discovered that the olives—an important item at all spreads—had been left behind.

Miss H. volunteered to go for them. She crossed the campus in safety, but on the way down the hall leading to her room she saw the matron (whose practiced ear had detected the disturbance) coming toward her, candle in hand. It was a hair-raising moment; what should she do? To run would be but to attract attention. At this critical moment, as she explained to her roommate afterward, "her massive brain gave one throb, and the law of association began to work." She remembered the famous Junior. Closing her eyes as tightly as nature would allow, and spreading out her hands, "like Nydia in the picture," she grouped her way toward the astonished matron.

Possibly it was because sleep-walkers as a rule are not clad in red sweaters and gym "sneakers;" possibly it was the unpeaceful expression of the small actress' face; at any rate, the matron "didn't lose any time" in bringing the trance to an ignominious end.

The feasters never saw their olives, and for weeks afterward one of the "Six" was greeted on all occasions with spreading hands and ejaculations of "Out, damned spot. Out, I say."

Immigration

(Continued from Tenth Page)

for themselves one year perhaps, at least enough to tide them over to the preparation for and production of some crop which would provide for their necessities.

For such people the State could afford to make some advances to assist in the establishment of homes. The money necessary to the establishment of a permanent bureau of immigration could, as suggested, be raised by a small direct tax, but by far the best method would be the issuance of "immigration bonds," which should run for thirty years or more, and let posterity assist in the development of a grand country which very soon will be devoted to their exclusive benefit, and afterward to the use of their children.

With such method of providing funds the work could begin at once, and as property values increased the rate required for interest and sinking fund would steadily decrease.

This is a matter which should interest every citizen of Florida, and one which should be carefully considered by every applicant for legislative honors in years to come, as next to a first-class system of free schools, immigration is most important to Florida.

This subject, as before stated, is of vital importance to our general progress, and we sincerely hope that the press throughout the State will take it up and advocate with such modification of plan as may be suggested by experience and knowledge of local conditions.

Our State press is strong, it is managed by progressive people and men of intellectuality far above the average—men who are working not alone for "bread and butter," but who are also looking to the upbuilding of every department of our social, political and industrial development, and to all such I appeal in the full confidence that each will have something good to say and some feasible plan to suggest for the promotion of this very desirable end—the introduction into Florida of two million industrious and intelligent homeseekers.

Lee County seems to be the leading one in orange shipments, often eight carloads leaving Fort Myers in one day. Over 40,000 boxes have already been shipped up to November 1.

Mons. Beaucaire

(Continued from Third Page)

comely at thirty. Ours are flowers, yours are stars! See, I betray myself, I am so poor a patriot. And there is one among these stars—ah, yes, there is one—the poor Frenchman has observed from his humble distance; even there he could bask in the glowing! M. Beaucaire turned to the window, and looked out into the dark. He did not see the lights of the town. When he turned again, he had half forgotten his prisoner; other pictures were before him.

"Ah, what radiance!" he cried. "Those people up over the sky, they want to show they wish the earth to be happy, so they smile, and make this lady. Gold-haired, an angel of heaven, and yet a Diana of the chase! I see her fly by me on her great horse one day; she touch' his mane with her fingers. I buy that clipping from the groom. I have it here with my dear brother's picture. Ah, you! Oh, yes, you laugh! What do you know! 'Twas all I could get. But I have heard of the endeavor of M. le Duc to recoup his fortunes. This alliance shall fail. It is not the way—that heritage shall be safe' from him! It is you and me, monsieur! You can laugh! The war is open, and by me! There is one great step taken: until to-night there was nothing for you to ruin, to-morrow you have got a noble of France—your own protegee—to besiege and sack. And you are to lose, because you think such ruin easy, and because you understand nothing—far less—of divinity. How could you know? You have not the fiber; the heart of a lady is a blank to you; you know nothing of the vibration. There are some words that were made only to tell of Lady Mary, for her alone—bellissima, divine, glorieuse! Ah, how I have watch' her! It is sad to me when I see her surround' by your yong captains, your nobles, your rattles, your beaux—ah, ah!—and I mus' hol' far aloof. It is sad for me—but oh, jus' to watch her and to wonder! Strange it is, but I have almos' cry out with rapture at a look I have see' her give another man, so beautiful it was, so tender, so dazzling of the eyes and so mirthful of the lips. Ah, divine coquetry! A look for another, ah-i-me! for many others; and even to you, one day, a rose, while I—I, monsieur, could not even be so blessed as to be the grouch' beneath her little shoe!

But to-night, monsieur—ha, ha!—to-night, monsieur, you and me, two princes, M. le Duc de Winterset and M. le Duc de Chateaurien—ha, ha! you see?—we are goin' arm-in-arm to that ball, and I am goin' have one of those looks, I! And a rose! It is time. But ten minute', monsieur. I make my apology to keep you waitin' so long while I go in the nex' room and execute my poor mustachio—that will be my only murder for jus' this one evening—and invets' myself in white satin. Ha, ha! I shall be very gran', monsieur. Francois, send Lois to me; Victor, to order two chairs for monsieur and me; we are goin' out in the worl' to-night!"

CHAPTER II.

The chairmen swarmed in the street at Lady Melbourne's door, where the joyous vulgar fought with muddled footmen and tipsy link-boys for places of vantage whence to catch a glimpse of quality and of raiment at its utmost. Dawn was in the east, and the guests were departing. Singly or in pairs, glittering in finery, they came mincing down the steps, the ghost of the night's smirk fading to jadedness as they sought the dark recesses of their chairs. From within sounded the twang of fiddles still

(Continued on Page Thirteen)

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